

# JANUS 16



600

























































WAITING FOR HER TREATMENT, IT BEGINS ON PAGE 21



Serenar - "Yes, Mr. Huttaraby. Good morning, sir. Would you like some coffee?" she chirped as bronily as her genitals tell God, how she fancied him! - Serenar"



You're here to work, girl! You're still on trial! Whatever do you think you're doing wearing that outrageous outfit? It's formal dress for the office - I've already warned you about it! PASS ME MY CANE.



Knickers down, Serenar - I'm sorry sir, I really am. Please let me off. I forgot . . . This will teach you to remember. KNEEL ON THE CHAIR!



Serenar thought it was geratious geratious



Serenar thought it was geratious geratious



"Hi, Mr. Huttenby! It's nice to see you sir," Serena was a pretty sight herself, a delight for the sorcerer of eyes. She made sure he saw plenty of thigh.



She stared fascinated at the 18-inch plastic ruler Mr H now fixed between both palms. She knew how much it could hurt. Her nipples stick out through her gauzy blouse . . .



"Serena, I'm astonished at you. What a





"Good girl, good girl. You didn't need to be told to take your dearful skirt right off! But I see you weren't wearing any knickers at all! That's 20 fingers due to you! Well, Serena, this is pleasant. Whash! Whack-snap! Whack! Whash! Whapp! Whapp! ~ Oh please, sir! No, sir! Ouch! Whap! Whor! Whore!" —Celine





Before Mr. Muntersby arrives, Serena can only stand facing the door he will come through, thinking about him and waiting...



Ah, here he comes now. Her pulse bumps even faster. Will he approve of her costume today? Those words keep going round her head: "You're still on mail."



Good morning sir. Sparks fly from her nipples to her navel to her knees - Hmms. This looks doubtful. He lifts her dress investigatively. "Serena! A G-string! Disgraceful!"



His tone for once is ominous. You've



Sweetie! Oh no! Plying the scrutinizing



Mr H is seated at his desk in all his omnipotent fiscal splendour. He hasn't yet looked up at his Confidential PA, who enters carrying a large file.



Good morning, sir! Serena sings out, favouring the eminent financial expert with a smile fit to singe his bollocks off. His eyes jerk up off his work, then what over the dangerously dressed girl.



This is no time for words. Evidently there is nothing Mr H can say except: 'You're fired!' Instead he silently observes Serena stripping to her boots and blouse.



He can only mumble when Serena



Keep still! Don't give me that face! You're



The thin rod whistles diagonally across its target and the girl cries out open-mouthed, never having suspected in her wildest dreams that such an infatuation of pain might exist.



To the next stroke she reacts convulsively. Her legs jerk and her face constricts with pain. Mr H has an erection. Her bottom is his to do what he wishes to. It is perfect for his purposes.





Regretfully Mr Hutterby hangs his cane over the desk edge and drinks in the view of Serena standing twisting her head to examine the pattern that throbs and sings and burns incessantly right across her arse.









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ISSUE



## JANUS 17—PUNISHMENT P.T. SPECIAL

